

The Revolution.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 133.

Poetry.

AT SEA.

Midnight in dear New England,
Tis a driving storm of snow—
How the casement clicks and rattles,
And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,
In fitful surries and starts,
The wild North-Easter is knocking
At lonely windows and hearts.

On a night like this, how many
Must sit by the hearth, like me,—
Hearing the stormy weather,
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with watching,
The eyes that wearily blink,
Through the blinding gale and snow-drift,
For the lights of Navesank!

How fares it, my friend, with you?—
If I've kept your reckoning straight,
The brave old ship must be due
On our dreary coast to-night.

The fire-side fades before me,
The chamber quiet and warm—
And I see the gleam of her lanterns
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream, 'tis all around me—
The gale, with its steady boom,
And the creak of every roller
Torn into mist and spume—
The sights and the sounds of Ocean
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spoon-drift
Driving like mad a-lee—
And the huge black bulk that wallows
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead—
The wail of rigging and mast—
The roar of the shrouds as she rises
From a deep lee-roll, to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,
Whose iron heart never tires—
The swarthy faces that redden,
By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,
And nursing the faithful steel—
And the grizzled old quartermaster
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it—the little cabin—
Plainly as if I were there—
The chart on the old green table,
The book, and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,
A patient and manly form,
To and fro, by the foremast,
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water,
By the stormy Cape's clear light,
Tis little of sleep or slumber,
Hath closed o'er that watchful sight—
And a hundred lives are hanging
On eye and on heart to-night.
Would that to-night, beside him,
I walked the watch on her deck,

Recalling the Legends of Ocean,
Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling
A hundred leagues a-lee—
Fifty of snow-wreathed hill-side,
And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him
By the hearty and true right hand—
I can but murmur,—God bless him!
And bring him safe to land.

And send him the best of weather,
That, ere many suns shall shine,
We may sit by the hearth together,
And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

Miscellany.

MARION'S PLEA.

BY FANNY E. WARD.

WONDENVILLE society had now a subject to discuss.

Delicate ladies rolled up their eyes in horror, and many were the exclamations of surprise called forth by the startling news.

What had caused this great commotion? Listen, and I will tell you. A lady had, on the previous evening, delivered a lecture in the town hall, and that lady was the wife of Harry Spendwell. Now, the gentleman himself might have made a dozen speeches, as he did at the last election, paying wagers, instituting races, and making himself a public man generally, and there was nothing thought of it; but when Marion, his wife, stepped out into the public arena, and joined hands with her sisters who were striving for positions whereby they might maintain themselves, astonishment was depicted on every countenance.

To those inquisitive bodies who questioned her motives, she replied: "I did what I considered my duty."

Great was the speculation, and many the conclusions arrived at by those who make it a point to attend to their neighbors' affairs. All agreed on one subject, however, and that was that Harry Spendwell wouldn't stand it.

Mrs. Greedy, the lawyer's wife, was sure a divorce would soon be pending, and she advised her husband to buttonhole Harry, and secure the business, before Driver & Co.—a rival firm—heard of the affair.

But Harry Spendwell was out in the far West, where he had gone on the plea of finding something to do, when his gentle and gifted wife made herself a target for gossips' tongues, and the quill of newspaper contributors.

Her name got into the papers, and the thoughtful Mrs. Greedy—with an eye to her husband's business—took care that every paragraph bearing a sarcastic allusion to the event was duly marked and mailed to the absent husband.

The consequence was, Harry came home in a

bluster. Quite unexpectedly he appeared to Marion one night, as she sat sewing after having seen her little ones snugly ensconced in bed. It was past ten, and her eyelids were beginning to droop, and her fingers to loiter over the stitches when his step aroused her.

"Why, Harry, I didn't expect you," said she, springing to her feet and unlocking the door "pray what is the matter?"

She missed the kiss and the warm greeting which heretofore came after a day's absence; and she stepped back aghast—when she beheld his stern countenance.

"What is all this, Marion?" and he spread the papers before her and pointed to the paragraphs.

Marion read each article carefully through, then raised her eyes, and looked her husband calmly in the face—without waiting for her to answer, he said: "If you are going on in this way, I shall leave; one household requires but one head; and it is not in my nature or disposition to be ruled by my wife, and thus exposed to the mocks and jeers of my friends and acquaintances, and the ridicule of the newspapers far and wide. You promised ones to love, honor, and obey your husband. Have you kept your vow?"

He was flushed and angry, Marion pale and collected; her white lips parted, and she replied:

"You, Harry, promised to love, cherish, and protect me, did you not? My vow was kept long after yours was broken."

"When, year after year, I saw our means diminishing, and our family and expenses increasing, when you still enjoyed your fast horses, your pleasure excursions, and your expensive club entertainments, I sought in every way to economize; and I allowed myself and children no luxuries, only the bare necessities of life, in hopes to bring our expenses within our income; but I found it of no avail. With my retrenchment your prodigality increased; and with an agony of heart I hoped you might never feel, I saw our beautiful home—my father's legacy to me—mortgaged, to raise funds to pay your debts and our grocery bills."

"Then I began looking about me to find some way in which a wife might support her family, but I saw, alas, no opening. I could teach, but found on application that married women had been excluded from the ranks. I could embroider, but the prices paid would scarcely support a lone woman, much less feed and clothe a family of six. I could sew, but no one required hand-sewing now, and my beautiful machine, you know, was long ago turned over for debt."

"I looked carefully over the periodicals of the day, and felt satisfied that I might earn something as an essayist."

"Having mortgaged the last article of furniture to raise money for your journeyings in search of employment, you left me to care for the family in your absence as best I might."

"Without credit or money, how was I to keep our poverty longer from the public, and find bread for my little ones? Was I to sit idly down and see them starve around me because you, who had failed to be a provident husband, didn't wish me to become a 'blue stocking,' or join the little band of those of the gentler sex, who are willing to enlarge their sphere of labor?"

"In the midst of this mental disquiet came a letter from you, asking for money to prosecute your journey, which had thus far been unsuccessful. I hesitated no longer. All that night I wrote, and when morning dawned I had concluded an essay which I thought might be acceptable to one of our weekly papers. It was duly signed and sent: and, with a trembling heart I awaited the issue.

"My gold thimble, the cherished gift of a deceased sister, and my wedding ring, furnished us with food in the interim, but my suspense was of short duration. On the fourth day after having mailed my MS., I received a note of acceptance from the editor, enclosing a check for fifty dollars. My heart went up in thankfulness to God, who had thus signally blessed my efforts. I kissed my babies in their slumbers that night, for I knew they would not starve now. A new era was dawning for me. I sent you half the proceeds of my first literary effort, then waited, patiently as I could, to see how the public would receive it.

"It proved a success. Nordheim, the new 'star' in the literary world, was invited to lecture before the lyceum of Wonderville. His terms were exorbitant, said the managing committee, 'one hundred dollars a night,' but they acceded rather than lose the opportunity of hearing the 'lion of the hour.'

"Imagine the surprise, the dismay, of Wonderville, when the Nordheim, 'the God of their worship,' proved but a woman and a neighbor. My simple but truthful essay was listened to in silence. With them 'the star of my destiny had fallen to rise no more,' but honors come to me from abroad. I am already engaged nearly every night for the lecture season, at prices that will soon enable me to pay off the mortgages on our cottage; and my articles to the different papers and periodicals are generally received with favor, and well paid for.

"And now, Harry, I have a word to say in conclusion.

"Twelve years ago, we started in life with a good home and ten thousand dollars at interest. During your management little has been earned and much spent, and the exigencies of the case demand an effort from me.

"When you shall become a useful and provident husband, I will cheerfully yield the reins and submit to your wishes, for it will be the proudest moment of my life to see you honorably and profitably employed, but until that time I shall keep the position necessity has forced me to assume."

"A born orator. I am as proud of you as I am ashamed of myself," said Harry, kissing her now glowing cheek. "I accept the situation."

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-labourer at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CUTLER BRYANT.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STATUS OF WOMAN IN GERMANY.

BY H. B.

THAT the Germans are the most sentimental people in existence, is, I believe, generally conceded. That the German lover moons and moans in discontented and disheartening fashion is sufficiently illustrated by the innumerable ballads of acknowledged sweetness—which flood that country, and, secondarily, our own; in which love is idealized to a fanciful extent that bears no more relation to the common affection which is the rich ground-work of American life, than the dazzling, unhealthy glare of the calcium light bears to the heartening, wholesome effects of the midday-sun. Indeed, love with a German is as brilliant, evanescent, and high-reaching as a sky-rocket, and, like that, falls—after marriage—literally beneath his feet.

I suppose it is almost impossible for an American woman to realize the depths of social degradation in which a German woman lingers contentedly. There may be exceptional women, exceptionally raised; there doubtless are, even as in America there are husbands who are monsters. But in the latter instance one finds it hard to doubt the absence of the poisonous peasant blood of Ireland, or some equally alien element, and in the former, one is glad to recognize a pioneership of greatness among a host of influences, depressing to the thoughtful and fatal to the reform. The social purity of the German woman is as unquestioned as her social paucity. Beautiful in her innocence, fearless in her truth, ignorant of her abuses, she yet contains a latent power, that, roused and educated, shall one day move the world with a mighty, pathetic cry, before which America's clamor shall grow dumb.

Born to the purple, accustomed to full height, expanded breath, and liberal air; inheriting a freedom which is the natural, unconscious outgrowth of a loftier civilization than has ever been realized before; viewing the ballot—many of us—not so much, nor, indeed, at all, as a question of right, but simply one of expediency, as if Victoria could add to her inalienable royalty by grasping always the weighty, undoubted symbol of a sceptre; knowing that for an abuse to be recognized is to have it die in due time a shameful and eternal death—in the face of such unquestioned power, how feeble must seem even the justifiable protests of American women against some real or fancied evil, when heard beside the pent-up groans of centuries, which shall one day make the world thrill in pity for Germany's ignorance, and rise in majesty for Germany's aid.

Primarily it is to German men that German women must look for elevation—even as it is to them they owe their social degradation—from the fact that the latter are sleeping the innocent, infantile sleep of utter ignorance as regards themselves and their position. German men, on the contrary, are growing visibly uneasy and ashamed. Not ignorant of Mill, nor unaware of foreign comment, they could have endured both with stolid national phlegm, but the actual influence, which has awakened and embarrassed them, is the presence of large numbers of American ladies, residents and visitors in all the great and even minor towns of their native land. One can imagine the heavy admiration which the free, graceful tact, independent bearing, and sprightly intelligence of

our sisters first created, and one can see how the impression has been heightened instead of lessened by daily contact and intimacy.

While in Berlin I became acquainted with a young doctor of unexceptionable presence and much mental calibre. There, as in America, a physician has an indescribably better influence and better position who has a wife. So I asked the question of a New Yorker who had been residing in Germany for sometime:

"Dr. H. has a good enough practice, and is past thirty, why doesn't he marry?"

"Oh!" was the answer, "he has seen so much of our nation that he wouldn't have any but an American girl, and precious few American girls would marry him."

I pondered this thing ignorantly, not having been in Berlin many days, and the sequel came later. I was invited, together with some others, to a dinner at the young doctor's house, was introduced to his mother, a kindly-looking old lady, and his sister, a common-place young one. After dinner, we sat over our coffee, and the gentlemen over their segars, until some one made a rush for the piano—which in Germany is usually placed in the dining-room, or living-room, that being ordinarily larger and more used than the formal parlor. A dance was improvised, and a little American friend, in order to join in it, rose hastily, and, in so doing, jarred a cup, which the doctor's mother was passing to the other end of the table, and upset it over her own handsome blue silk dress. The child happily and gracefully declared the dress uninjured, and if it were, it was no matter. At home the occurrence would have been considered an unlucky accident, and as such accepted without further comment. But my young doctor—my young doctor, with the dreamy eyes, and the unexceptionable presence, and the brilliant mental calibre, pounced upon his most innocent mother, who was now deftly cleaning the stain from the unfortunate dress, and in a passion of fury vented his annoyance in a torrent of German invective, that gathered stress from his stormy voice and countenance. Shocked, we all of us took the poor woman's part, but to no purpose, since it did not seem to enter into her wildest dreams to assert her motherly dignity and take her own part. Comment is unnecessary.

Facts are indisputable, and I am about to give one which came under the notice of a friend of mine who resided in Berlin after I left, and which, in its nakedness, will designate more shamefully the degraded social and political position of the German women than any argument of mine could show. My friend boarded with a lady of more than average force and intelligence, even when compared with the highest models—a lady verging towards middle age, whose life-history has been, briefly, as follows:

We will call her Fraulein. When she was about sixteen years of age Fraulein made for her brother a counterpane, for a birth-day gift, which she arranged on his bed during his absence, and impatiently awaited his return, comment and praise. The boy came home in a bad humor, and threw himself full length, with muddy boots, upon the white purity of the gift, without deigning to bestow praise, censure, or remark of any kind upon its beauty or the thoughtfulness which designed it.

The disappointed Fraulein, naturally upbraided him for carelessness and unkindness, when her brother rose in a fury, and shaking his fist in her face, said:

"How dare you talk to me? You are nothing but my slave."

The girl indignantly retorted, more high words ensued, and finally a blow from the incensed brother, at which stage the mother was called in and appealed to by both.

"Am I his slave?" said the weeping Fraulein, looking to her mother for sympathy and aid.

"Yes," was the astonishing answer, "and so am I. Go down on your knees and beg your brother's pardon."

This the girl refused utterly, and the next day, much to the horror of her relatives, hired out as a common servant, and, studying at odd moments, fitted herself in a year for the position of governess. She then went to England and taught there for several years, amassing—what is in Germany considered quite a little fortune—the sum of five thousand dollars. On returning to her native land she still continued to teach in a private family, and at her brother's request, magnanimously loaned him her little earnings, which he magnanimously returned at the end of five years, without a penny's interest for its use.

Wearied of teaching, Fraulein has of late hired a house—be it remembered that a German house is a suite of rooms—and makes her modest living by letting out apartments to transient visitors. Her mother is comfortably well off, her brother wealthy, and Fraulein desires to leave her small property to some benevolent institution. To this end she has consulted every prominent lawyer in Berlin. The verdict is unanimous—it is impossible. No matter to whom left, a woman's property goes by law to her husband if she have one, if not, to the oldest male member of her family. In this instance Fraulein's hardly-earned money will, at her death, swell the gains of her noble and self-sacrificing brother.

Said she, bitterly, to my friend: "I cannot even give away my little dog, Finette, to some one who would cherish it for my sake, without my brother's permission."

Trifles are the indices of profound truths, and the fact that even American ladies are pushed off the narrow side-walks into the muddy streets by the tramping *canaille* of Berlin, is suggestive in the extreme. One suffers it without indignation, with, indeed, a species of amused scorn, content to know that the motto of one's own civilized land is "*place aux dames*." But fancy being pushed to the wall literally and forever—by birth, by usage, by hereditary custom, by national law, by common tyrannical social consent, the last of all bondages, the most indestructible and the most terrible. Fancy it, if you can, American women, and be thankful that you are what you are.

To the German woman let us be just—the average woman, remember. Who shall deny the exquisite flavor of her cookies, the amber clearness of her coffee? who shall cavil at the exceptional tidiness of her house, or the solemn, awful ill-favored cleanliness of her babies? who shall quarrel with the deft fingers that transmute yarn into stockings and flax into home-spun garments in marvellous odd moments of surprising scarcity? All this is good—nay, we will even acknowledge it better than the inconsequent idleness of the few frilled but-terflies who give an air of elegant leisure to our otherwise bustling American society.

But a German woman—the average woman, remember—has never gotten beyond the wants

of her body. That Goethe lived may be patent to her from the fact that her astute husband mentions his name occasionally over his *seidel* of beer, to his masculine companion and friend, both enveloped in such clouds of smoke as render the illustrious poet a mystification. That Humboldt died, and had a magnificent funeral, may be a fact present to her consciousness in connection with memories of the obsequies, otherwise I doubt if she dreams that the author of *Cosmos* ever went beyond the boundaries of Berlin.

Thank God, the great mass of American women are workers—household workers, teachers of music and teachers of books, artists, authors, telegraph operators, book-keepers, and employed in humbler and as useful functions. Thank God that the majority of the immensely-wealthy devote their time and money to the amelioration of evils or abuses which the so-called lower classes cannot find leisure for; evils and abuses which they may indeed suffer under, and, save for weightier influence than they could bring to bear upon them—without redress.

But in this superabundant tide of restless energy and hurrying industry, an American woman has always leisure to keep broad awake, to feel the world's pulse and know the world's doings. Clear-eyed to lead in the march of progress, knowing that a falling back in her will be a bitterer fall to others in other lands. Knowing, especially, that to her, one day, shall Germany appeal, from lowest depths to highest heights—and not in vain.

THE PAINTER WILDBERR'S STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHRISTMAS night, 1839, a dozen of us students were gathered together at the Golden Eagle Tavern, one of the most renowned in Carlsruhe. A bowl was confided to my care, with the important duty of filling the glasses, always empty, of my joyful confreres. Like those modest veils and wild-wood shades in which love delights to enclose its mysterious pleasures, a thick cloud, formed from the smoke which rolled from our pipes, mingled with the vapor from our generous beverage, spread softly over us, and enveloped us entirely. Our faces could be seen only confusedly, like those fantastic images which we see flit across morning mists, before the rays of the joyous sun have set the horizon free from the veil which obscured it.

The rough attacks which we had made upon the noble wine began to affect our brain; conversation, almost as cloudy as the air which surrounded us, threatened to become entirely *charivarique*, when the door of the salon opened, and our friend Wildherr, the painter, entered. He came forward, pale, sad, and anxious, as usual; but his arrival none the less excited a movement of general interest.

"Good day, Wildherr; thou art a brave boy to come;" and the glasses, struck with redoubled blows by our knives, called the host, who replenished the bowl and added another glass.

Wildherr sat down at the table, responding by a pressure of the hand to those friends who sat near him; but he kept silence, his eyes wandered sadly around him, and, when his glance met that of Arnold Blumenhagen, who was seated at the other end of the table, he trembled so violently we could not prevent ourselves from remarking it.

"Ah, well!" said Arnold, "what ails you to tremble in that fashion? Are you afraid of me?"

"What ails me?" replied Wildherr, with embarrassment, turning away his eyes. "Nothing. I do not know. How are you, Arnold?"

"By the devil, Wildherr, thou sayest that to me with an air of constraint which does not suit a good comrade!"

"I am by no means constrained. Do not misinterpret what I say. I am sick, as you all know. Pardon me my caprices."

The fact was, that, for a long time, Wildherr seemed overborne by some physical suffering or some secret trouble. One would no more recognize in him the man who was the life and soul of our pleasure parties. Every day his sadness increased, his face became gloomier, his health more uncertain. We all loved the good Wildherr; he was so generous, so brave, full of talents and noble thoughts. We were distressed not to be able to penetrate the cause of this dark melancholy which wore out his life. This day, emboldened by the wine we had quaffed, we united our efforts to persuade him to tell us what preoccupied his mind. Arnold, especially, became so importunate that he could not resist our pleadings. After having touched his lips to the glass of wine he held, and which a few months before he would have drained at a single draught, Wildherr thus spoke, while we listened, launching new puffs of smoke upon the odorous mist which embraced us.

"My dear friends, I am almost tempted to thank you for the pressing manner with which you have induced me to relate this terrible tale. And then you can assist me by your counsels. In any case, it is to your honor and your discretion that I intrust what you are about to hear. You know that I undertook a pedestrian excursion through the Black Forest, towards the end of summer, with the intention of drawing and publishing the most remarkable spots—the interesting ruins which still exist in the midst of the forest. I had started from Carlsruhe, with a light and joyous heart, occupied with thoughts very different from those which have since assailed me, and little expecting the scenes of which I must be witness. The third day of my journey, toward eleven, one beautiful morning, I had already sketched several landscapes. The heat was stifling. I threw myself down behind a thicket to recover my strength before ascending the hill on which are situated the fine old ruins of the castle of Aldersburg, those noble vestiges of the Middle Ages. I soon perceived, on the road I had just left, four persons, who climbed it painfully. There was first a man of about fifty, still vigorous, and whose erect and majestic figure made him seem much younger. I have rarely met a finer figure than that of this man—his forehead high and open, his eyes blue and full of fire, his eyebrows and moustaches black, his hair inclining to gray, but thick and curling. This ensemble gave to his face a character of martial frankness, such as an artist might desire to paint a noble soldier. By his side, and supported by his manly arm, walked a little girl about six years old, fresh and pretty as the eglantine blossoms that surrounded us. Another man, whose face I could not see, but young and of a fine stature, gave his arm to a young woman, wonderfully beautiful, pale, but whose *personelle* breathed a languor full of softness—a most ravishing loveliness. Her eyes, like soft black velvet, surmounted by arches of ebony blackness, were

animated by an inexpressible voluptuousness, to which a melancholy shade added a new attraction. With my eyes half shut by the drowsiness which seized me, I followed delightedly these travellers, who seemed like forest genii, gliding noiselessly before me.

"The road wound between thickets of brushwood and through sand, to the top of the hill, and towards the middle of the acclivity passing under a bower of thorns, wild rose shrubs, and all varieties of plants, it made a circuit into a deep ravine, hollowed out by the falling away of the sand. The two young people did not hesitate to take the advance of their elder companion, who was frequently delayed by the frolics of the little girl; they followed the road, without perceiving that at the entrance of the ravine an opening made in the copse afforded a more direct and less difficult way to the end of that into which they had entered. This last was, in truth, notwithstanding the dangers which it threatened, much more agreeable than the other, because it was sheltered from the intolerable heat. The sun penetrating only at rare intervals the dome of verdure which arched above their heads, they enjoyed a coolness which the more direct way could not have afforded them. Arrived at the middle of the ravine, precisely opposite the place where I had thrown myself, the young lady sat down to recover her breath, on a rock cushioned with moss, and her young cavalier placed himself beside her. They remained there some minutes waiting for their companions and inhaling the fragrant breath of roses and eglantines, and listening to the warbling of the birds which fluttered lazily in the foliage. It was indeed a charming spot. Never have I breathed air so pure as that breeze, perfumed by the forest. The lady had taken off her straw hat, and her black hair, of which the glossy ringlets had been disordered by the heat, was thrown back upon her shoulders, and relieved the whiteness of her neck. She amused herself, when the wind lifted her curls, in directing them towards the face of her companion, who seemed gazing in an ecstasy upon them. The most passionate tenderness sparkled in the glances of this charming creature. I could not prevent myself from envying the lover of such a beautiful woman.

"The other travellers had not followed the way of the ravine. The little girl had darted into the opening of which I have spoken, and had drawn after her the man with the gray hair. While the little creature gathered an armful of flowers, singing in her happiness, I saw, not without an involuntary pressure at my heart, this unknown man follow the direct line of the way. Every step brought him near the other travellers, and a sad presentiment warned me that a drama was commencing before me. Holding my breath for fear of being discovered, I saw with terror the young lovers drawn nearer together by the charm of their affection. The old soldier had only a few steps to take to reach the end of the road, and there his view would command the ravine. I desired to advise the unsuspecting lovers of his approach, but before I could resolve to do it, it was too late. The moss on which he trod deadened the noise of his footsteps. He came silently behind the unfortunate lovers, and stopped as if struck suddenly by a thunderbolt. I saw his face change to a livid pallor. He darted upon them a look which I shall never forget. But his emotion passed away like a flash of lightning. He extended his clenched fist as if he were uttering a

terrible oath, simulated a bitter smile, which chilled me, at the moment that the light sound of a blasphemous kiss reached his ear.

"But," said Wildherr, interrupting himself, "it is my turn to demand, Arnold, why you look at me with that wild air?"

"Your tale is so dramatic, that I cannot conceal my emotion. Continue."

Wildherr resumed:

"The little girl arrived with her hands full of flowers. The old soldier went hastily before her, made her retrace her steps, and took again the way of the ravine. The sweet voice of the child, who hummed an air, warned the young lovers. The lady put on her hat, dropped her veil over her eyes, and, leaning on the arm of her friend, not less troubled than herself, continued to ascend the hill."

Wildherr stopped a moment, and Arnold profited by this interruption of a relation which was rapidly sobering us, to address some questions to him.

"Thou sayest, Wildherr, that thou hadst not seen the face of the young man?"

"I did not see it then, but afterward," replied Wildherr. "I have even the means of knowing his name."

"How?" said Arnold, quickly, fixing on the speaker a look full of solicitude. "How could you know his name! That is impossible!"

We looked at each other with surprise, but Wildherr, paying no attention to these singular words, continued in a grave tone:

"What I have to add is terrible? Like a true son of Suabia, I knew the obscurest corners, the narrowest defiles of the old Black Forest, and for a long time had I been accustomed to climb those rugged rocks. Drawn on by a curiosity which I must expiate with the repose of my life, I could not resist the desire of following these travellers, between whom, I was satisfied, a bloody drama was to be played. Not doubting that their course had for its end the ruins of the old castle, I rose softly, and, taking a difficult but shorter way, I hastened to find myself in the midst of the rubbish and of the towers in the ruin of Aldersburg. A single edifice remains almost untouched, on the exterior at least—that is the principal tower, of which the blanched summit still appeared in the distance, high above the trees of the forest.

It is an immense circular hall, formed by the ground floor of this tower, whose higher stories have been destroyed. I entered, and lay down in a balustrade, whence I watched for the arrival of the persons who had interested me to such a high degree. Pillars, clad with the remains of Gothic sculpture, whence sprung formerly the arches of the first vault, rose around the whole circumference of the hall, leaving between each of them an immense empty space. In one of these recesses a well of great diameter displayed its yawning depths. Dug in the solid rock, it was immensely deep. Several times travellers have sounded it; and I, years ago, found there more than fifteen fathoms of water. The first time I saw it, the storm howled without, the waters replied by roarings like those of the sea, and followed the progress of the tempest. It was at first a low rumble like the sound of distant thunder; then, according as the lightning rent the heavens, and as the thunder reverberated with a more tremendous crash, it seemed as if from the bottom of the gulf swelled the echo of these terrible sounds. The water lashed the walls, the waves smote themselves together, and mingled with

the roar of unknown winds. Since then, I have often dreamed that an irresistible hand dragged me before this well; I heard the waters roar; then the fatal hand suspended me above the chasm. I struggled in vain under the iron fingers of the phantom, who sneered in my ears, and I awoke at the moment, when, beside myself and panting with terror, I was plunged into the abyss. But that day the heavens were serene, the air calm and soft, those unknown waters tranquil. I waited not long to see the travellers arrive.

"What sweet coolness, colonel," said the lady as they entered. "Let us sit here awhile, on these rocks."

"The colonel, for such seemed to be the rank of the old soldier, said nothing, but, with a frigid seriousness, he made a sign of assent. After a repose of a few minutes, the colonel proposed to guide them over the ruins. I thought I saw in his manner an agitation which his companions did not discover, and I shuddered at the expression of his face, where I read hate and thirst for vengeance.

"George," said the lady to the young man—

A deep groan here interrupted Wildherr's narration. We looked at Arnold who seemed beside himself. Wildherr rose and fixed his eyes steadily upon him, but Arnold turned away.

"What an astonishing resemblance!" said Wildherr, in a low voice. "Arnold, I saw the face of the young man when he turned to reply to the lady. He resembled thee. Speak! do you know him? Without your light hair, could I believe what I see, I should say it was thou!"

Arnold made no response. He rose, and gaining the door at a bound, he rushed into the street, without any of us dreaming to arrest his movements, so complete was our amazement. Wildherr had fallen back into his chair, and gazed at us with a wandering stare.

"Shall I go on?" he said feebly.

"The lovely woman asked the arm of the man she addressed as George, and whose features had so much likeness to Arnold's. The colonel made them admire, with an air of distraction, the remains of the splendid paintings that still decorated the walls. I saw that one secret purpose controlled him. This thought I guessed, for it was not necessary to be very deep-sighted to discover in the young people that they were lovers. After a few minutes they approached the well, the young woman and her cavalier with curiosity, the colonel with a dark and sinister air.

"I have scarcely strength to finish my relation. 'Here,' said the soldier, 'is a gulf which recalls tragic memories. See, Eleonore, how beautiful it is still!' He encircled her unsuspecting form with his arm, and lifted her to a level with the parapet which surrounded the well. 'See,' he commanded.

"The young woman looked down into the darkness.

"Terrible, colonel! How dark it is! It makes me afraid; and I know not what sounds come out of this well. Oh! George, if one should fall in there!"

"One would not return again," said the officer, with a grave tone, still holding her helplessly suspended above the chasm.

"I was breathless with excitement. An inexpressible fatality, an unknown power fixed me to the stone which sustained me. I wished to fly, but I could not—to cry out, but my voice

died away in my breast. I was doomed to see, without power to prevent, a crime.

"Are you curious to know the history of this well, madame? Hah! I am going to tell it to you," said the soldier with a horrible smile.

"But, for Heaven's sake, do not hold me in this position meanwhile. My head grows giddy," said his poor, trembling victim.

"Oh, do not be afraid, fool that you are. You see, I clasp you firmly. Now, look within the well, while I shall tell you the story."

"Father," cried George, "do not terrify her."

"Of what would she be afraid, sir?"

"O, my beloved husband, you are cruel," said the lady, writhing in the grasp of the powerful arm that clasped her waist.

"Come, then, listen to my tale. One of the old lords of Aldersburg, him, I believe, they called Hildebrand, had wedded a woman, noble and beautiful, who bore him two sons. He had the misfortune to lose her after fifteen years of the happiest married life, and the misfortune, a hundred fold greater still, to seek in a new union to forget his griefs. He married a young and beautiful girl. He was happy for a while. She gave him a sweet daughter. But one of his sons returned from the army. A flame was kindled on the hearth-stone of old Hildebrand. Deceived in his confidence, horribly betrayed in his affections by those dearest to him, what do you think he did?"

"O my God! have mercy on me!" murmured the young wife, turning pale as the dead.

"My father!" cried George in agony.

"Hah! tell! what do you think he did! He bound the wretches and plunged them with his own hands into this well! He avenged himself!"

"O George, I am lost," shrieked the lady, with a heart-rending voice.

"There was no more time. George sprang forward, but it was too late. One terrible shriek alone rent the air. Then I heard the whizz of a body that seemed to cleave the tangible darkness of that awful gulf, striking on the right and the left with a dull reverberation. Then, one last dreadful shock. My eyes closed. At the moment when George felt the iron clutch of his father's hand, I should have fallen into the ditch of the castle, if the narrow opening of the balustrade would have permitted my body to pass. The child fell at the feet of her father, crying.

"O, my mother."

"I saw no more. I was recalled to life by a frightful scream. I glanced into the tower; George was there no more. The officer, with disordered dress, as if after a desperate struggle carried the little girl in his arms. He strode out swiftly from the ruins. I leaped to my feet; I wished to seize the murderer; but a portfolio, which I picked up near the well, delayed me a few minutes, which sufficed to make my pursuit vain. When I reached the gate, I could see the soldier rapidly descend the hill, throw himself into a carriage which awaited him, and all disappeared in a cloud of dust, gilded with the sun's rays. I fainted again."

Wildherr was silent. None of us were in a state to break the silence. Carl Hautelman at length said:

"You spoke of a portfolio, Wildherr; did you open it?"

"No: I know that in it are enclosed the names of the actors in this drama. But I have

not been able to resolve to look upon them. What must I do, my friends? These horrible memories leave me no judgment. I hear continually in my ears the cries of the victims. Counsel me—ought I to seek out the murderer, and deliver him up?"

"Certainly," said I, "under any other circumstances, your duty would be to expose such a crime. But here, it cannot be denied that there is something extenuating in behalf of the unfortunate colonel. And then, before taking a decisive step, would it not be necessary to discover what part our friend Arnold can have in the facts you have related us? Where is the portfolio?"

"At my house. Do you wish that I should go for it? I leave myself to be guided by your advice," replied Wildherr.

At the moment when I started to accompany Wildherr to his lodgings, a servant rushed into the room, bearing on his face unequivocal signs of mortal terror.

"Ah, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "what a terrible thing! My master is dead! M. Arnold has killed himself!"

The poor fellow gave to Wildherr a letter which he had found, with his address, on his master's table. It contained the following information:

"I believed the secret of blood and death shut up between Heaven and me. Since destiny has made you master of it, Wildherr, learn the sequel. The colonel was my father; the unfortunate lady was my stepmother, and the young man was George Blumenhagen, my brother; my little sister is an idiot. As to my father, after having revealed to me, in the delirium of fever, the catastrophe you witnessed, he ended his own life in the manner in which I am about to rid myself of a life henceforth insupportable. Adieu."

We all hastened to the lodgings of Arnold, to see if it was not possible to save him. The evil was without a remedy—the poor young man had blown out his brains, and was already dead.

Wildherr never rallied from the shock. It gradually undermined his health, and six months ago he died, after having destroyed, without opening, the portfolio of George Blumenhagen.

As to ourselves, whom he had taken for his confidants, we swore to bury this sad history in inviolable secrecy, but it was long before we forgot what Wildherr saw in the old castle of the Black Forest.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.—I committed one fatal error in my life, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for, to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining in me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.—*Beyond the Breakers.*

The Queen of England has expressed her thanks in a letter to Mrs. Hanford for a copy of her *Life of Peabody*.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, London, June 27, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

ON Tuesday last the Married Women's Property Bill was brought before the House of Lords by Lord Cairns, and it is difficult to describe to you the indignation which is felt throughout the country at the treatment it received there. One of our leading papers, wishing to place the severest stigma a gentleman could conceive concerning it, describes the "conversation," for he refuses to call it a debate, as "nothing better than the chorus of a cliquish tea-party reiterating the views of a leading lady in the set." Lord Penzance (the Divorce Court Judge) made himself remarkable for bad reasoning and worse taste, and Lord Westbury followed suit, and yet this Bill has been sent up from the Commons with a decisive majority. The Lords were inconsistent enough to draw a very dangerous distinction. They seemed prepared to treat money derived from industry in a different way to money obtained through inheritance, thus establishing, says the *Spectator*, a precedent which may be quoted to prove that in the eyes of the most conservative and richest group of men in the world, the moral right to own extends only to the owners' earnings, the right to own inherited property being a mere creation of law.

The way in which this Bill was treated is another unfortunate instance of the hereditary chamber, acting as a drag upon beneficial legislation, and also of the spirit of levity in which any question relating to the good of women is approached. Lord Cairns tried in vain to call attention to the fact, that in no country in Europe, save England, does so bad a law exist as the one we seek to amend; he alleged the well-known fact that it has been abolished in America, and with no evil results. But it was useless, Lord Westbury and Lord Penzance drawing to the full upon their vivid imaginations, carried the House with them, and merriment reigned instead of common sense. "It is difficult to conceive," said Lord Penzance, "the relations of a man and wife, plaintiff and defendant in an action, sitting down to breakfast together, passing the day together, consulting their respective attorneys, and then dining together. A married woman, moreover, being at liberty to carry on any trade, a man might be startled by the information that his wife had determined to set up a shop in the neighborhood,—which at present was prevented by inability to contract,—and still more startled at hearing that she had entered into partnership with her cousin, who need not be a woman. A husband who expected his wife to keep his home and attend to the children might find her opening a Berlin wool shop with her cousin John as a partner." Lord Westbury feared "that married men would not like such a yoke enforced upon them, while as to the unmarried men, it reminded him of Lord Brougham's remark on Lord Campbell, that it added a new terror to death. A woman, he suggested, might receive a legacy of £20,000 and her husband might imagine that she would employ it for the general maintenance and comfort of the establishment. "No, my dear," she said, "Lord Cairns has got rid of that, he has spoken so

delightfully and gracefully that the House of Lords has given me the absolute control of the money.' The husband, perhaps, would suggest the legacy should benefit the children, but she would answer: 'At present I have set my heart on a beautiful diamond necklace.' Thus the money would be wasted and consumed without the possibility of any check."

Lord Cairns disposed in an able manner of both these puerile objections, by saying that not a sun rises even now, that does not shine upon a husband and wife who are suing one another. And as he remarked, "every woman in England who has property to her separate use, might make contracts, accept bills of exchange, or buy race-horses if she had a mind to do so, and every one of these contracts would be valid."

I suppose what we say of individuals is true of people in mass, we judge others by ourselves, and men who know how much of the money which belong to their wives and children finds its way into the establishments of their mistresses, find it hard to believe in the virtue or justice of women. I fear the Married Women's Property Bill must be added to the failures of the year, for though it has passed into Committee, it has only passed with the instructions which will render it valid, and I think its supporters will prefer to drop it for the present rather than accept a compromise which interferes with its fundamental principle.

THE IOWA CONVENTION.

A CORRECTION.

IN THE REVOLUTION of June 23d appeared an article on the formation of an Iowa State Suffrage Society, compiled from the N. Y. Standard and other sources. Some items of that report unintentionally suggest a wrong impression concerning active persons in the Convention.

Having had the pleasure of participating quietly in the doings of that grand gathering, and having read different reports, including those of the N. Y. Standard, the Mt. Pleasant journals, also the dignified letters of Mrs. Dr. Cutler, and knowing the errors in the statement published in THE REVOLUTION (which would never have been printed had it been seen by me, and my absence from the city having prevented its earlier correction), I now desire to say that the report which we now print, taken from the N. Y. Standard of June 20th (excluding the correspondent's personal remarks), I consider the ablest and most accurate in relation to the details and proceedings of that convention.

Had she said nothing more, I am sure.

IOWA UP AND DOING—PROCEEDINGS OF THE STATE CONVENTION.—MR. E. A. STUDWELL'S RECEPTION.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Friday, June 17. The State Woman's Suffrage Association convened in this city yesterday. Mount Pleasant, you know, has been famed by visitors as well as natives, the "Athens of the West," and with good reason.

Nearly every county of the State had its representatives, and, with the local attendance, filled Sanders' Hall to overflowing.

OPENING OF THE MEETING.

The meeting was called to order by J. B. Teter, presiding elder of the Methodist Church in this vicinity, and opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Broderick. The veteran reformer, Joseph A. Dugdale, was chosen temporary chairman. The above-mentioned gentleman was the prime mover in the Convention—an old Garrisonian Abolitionist, and loved and revered by all who know him. E. A. Vanhook, a lawyer of some repute, was then chosen Secretary. After this a Com-

mittee was appointed on Permanent Organization, and, while the committee were out, Attorney-General O'Connor was called upon for a speech, and for half an hour succeeded in carrying the audience with him. He was both eloquent and earnest, and reminded his listeners of Phillips in his palmist days. The Committee on Organization reported the following persons:

THE ORGANIZATION.

President—Mrs. Belle Mansfield of Mount Pleasant. Vice-Presidents—Dr. Holmes of Muskatine, and several others.

Secretaries—Frank Hutton, Editor Mount Pleasant Journal, and Mr. Lowry of Marshall County.

Mrs. Mansfield, on taking the Chair, was received with great applause, showing her popularity, which seems to have resulted more from an earnest strength of purpose than any real eloquence the lady might bring to the platform. She then thanked the association in a few well-timed remarks for their kindness and preference, and the society proceeded to business.

Another committee was appointed to consider the expediency of forming a State organization, and to report a constitution for same.

HON. CHARLES BEARDSLEY,

Editor Burlington Hawkeyes, was appointed Chairman of a committee on business, or, more properly speaking, on resolutions. The Chair, in selecting the names, added Miss Susan B. Anthony, who was expected to be present. The mention of this name brought to her feet an old worker of national fame, who desired to know why Miss Anthony's name should be thrust upon the State, or upon its business committee. She hoped and believed that the State had workers enough to engineer their own Convention, as well as do their own speaking. These indications of personal pique and animosity did not pass unobserved by the attentive and intelligent audience, and the lady, although well known and highly respected by the citizens of Mount Pleasant, did not add a single feather to her cap, by this strange assumption of superiority.

Thus early the young and gifted chairman was compelled to contend with a combative element, annoying if nothing more. Elder Teter objected to having the president made accountable for this choice of name. After a long and rambling debate, with reconsiderations and amendments *ad libitum*, reminding us of your New York gatherings, a committee was appointed with Mrs. Amelia Bloomer as its chairman.

PERSONAL.

During this excitement, Mrs. Dr. Tracy Cutler of Ohio, the representative of the American Society, was busily engaged taking notes, with her "friends" in a body at her back, acting in concert. At the left of the speakers Edwin A. Studwell was seated between Elder Teter and Friend Dugdale, watching every contest with a coolness that inspired the friends of the Union Society with confidence, although their forces were not acting in concert, and were seriously scattered. At the adjournment of the morning session, Mr. Studwell greeted Mrs. Cutler with an air reminding one of a prize-ring contest, where the antagonists shake hands before they encounter.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Unionists had apparently been drilled by some one between the sessions, for when Mr. Beardsley reported the constitution and moved its adoption, it was found to be nearly word for word that of the Union Suffrage Society. When the committee on resolutions reported through its chairman, Mrs. Bloomer found, much to her astonishment, that she had introduced a resolution concerning the organization of a state association, but too late; the convention had adopted its constitution and also appointed a committee on permanent officers, again with the Hon. Mr. Beardsley at its chairman. During the absence of the committee Mrs. Cutler delivered an able address, crammed with logic and careful study, at the close of which the committee reported the following officers for the state Society, which were accepted:

ANOTHER ORGANIZATION.

President—Hon. Henry O'Connor, Vice-President of the Union W. S. S.

Vice-Presidents—Amelia Bloomer, Joseph A. Dugdale, and many others.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Belle Mansfield.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. C. Savary.

Treasurer—L. W. Vale.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Prof. M. A. F. Darwin, Hon. Chas. W. Beardsley and others.

Mr. Beardsley was selected as Chairman of the Committee and also represented the Executive Committee of the Union Suffrage Society.

So far the Convention seemed pledged to "Union." The ground had again been pretty thoroughly canvassed between the sessions, wires had been silently pulled from the commencement, individuals gently lead to their duty, and all was now apparently going to the tune of marriage bells. It was now just discovered by the majority of the audience that Mr. Studwell was present, and loud calls for a speech were heard on every side. The gentleman was, however, *non est comitibus* and Mrs. Bloomer took up the time by a manuscript address, followed by Mrs. Cutler and others.

MORNING SESSION.

Hall again crowded. Vociferous calls for Studwell, and strangely enough, at the same time, yells were heard for "Susan," "Susan," "Miss Anthony," and then again Studwell. It was rumored through the audience that the old maid had at last succumbed to Cupid in the person of Studwell, but it was afterwards contradicted, as the gentleman is at least twenty-five years her junior and married at that. At this late hour of the convention, the ablest woman of our State, so considered by friends and enemies, Mrs. Prof. Mary A. F. Darwin, of Burlington College, spoke for at least an hour, and was listened to eagerly during the whole time. This lady is a natural logician, as well as an eloquent speaker, reminding one of Mrs. Stanton in her best efforts. At the conclusion, Col. George B. Corbhill, of Mount Pleasant, said:

Mrs. President—I am sure that no one in this large audience who has listened to the eloquent words we have just heard, can fail to appreciate in the highest degree the importance of the subject, and the cause so ably and earnestly defended by the lady who has just addressed us. Such a speech, so forcible in argument, so eloquent in appeal, and so beautiful in delivery, must of necessity command not only the attention and consideration of all who heard it, but will afford food for reflection that will bear fruit after this convention has adjourned.

FORTHCOMING SPEECHES.

I learn, Mrs. President, that Mrs. Darwin intends speaking throughout the State of Iowa on the Suffrage question, under the auspices of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, and that Mr. Edwin A. Studwell, with his proverbial clear-headedness, has appointed her as the general agent of THE REVOLUTION in this State. I am also informed that you, Mrs. President, and Mrs. R. Anna Canby, have generously offered your services to promote the circulation of that journal in this locality.

THE RESOLUTION.

Mrs. Darwin intends, not only addressing the masses of the people in conventions, but to endeavor to see that in each home in our State a copy of the valuable paper is taken. Those who are oldest and most experienced in this movement deem it important to the success of the cause that THE REVOLUTION, so ably edited and conducted, should be disseminated broadcast throughout the State. I do not claim to speak with any authority on this subject, but from the remarks of those around me here, and from the fact that Mrs. Darwin, who is a member of the executive committee of their State Association, has undertaken in her love for the cause, to specially circulate this paper in the state, and that you, Mrs. President, and your associate, Mrs. Canby, have undertaken to represent it specially here in our own community, I presume it is recognized by you all as your special favorite, advocate, and representative paper. I therefore offer the following resolution, and move its adoption:

Resolved, That this convention heartily indorse the steps taken by Mrs. Prof. Darwin, as the general agent of THE REVOLUTION in this State, and trust she will be as fortunate in other localities in finding earnest working friends as have been secured for this city in the persons of Mrs. Belle Mansfield and Mrs. R. Anna Canby. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

OBJECTIONS TO WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

At this juncture the President wished to hear from any person in the audience who objected to the ballot for women. Loud calls for "Palmer," "Judge Palmer," resounded through the hall. At last the Judge took the platform and argued for an hour against Woman's Suffrage. His remarks seemed to be honest and free from the least taint of demagoguism. It was then arranged that the above-mentioned gentleman should argue the point after recess with Mrs. Cutler. The hall was again crowded. The Judge did well, but Mrs. Cutler did better—and brilliantly vanquished her opponent.

Thus ended a convention of five crowded sessions, which was complete in its conception, its constitution, and its officers.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN BEFORE THE SENATE OF FRANCE.

Translated from *Le Droit des Femmes*.

This is not a pleasantry. The question of the suffrage for women, at least of their right to political representation has been during the past week brought before the Senate where it received a not unfavorable hearing.

These are the facts in the case:

Twenty inhabitants of Lyons and twenty-two of the residents of Strasbourg addressed two separate petitions to our Conscript Fathers, praying,

1. That every married man should have during the life of his wife the right to a double vote.

2. That every married man having a minor son, or an unmarried daughter should have a right to a triple vote.

Now, do you know how the committee, in its report, regards the motives upon which the petitioners base their request? I quote their own words, "on moral reasons of a high order."

But this is not all.

M. Larabit—claiming for himself the honor of priority—declares that since 1850 he has had the intention of proposing to the national assembly a law of this same nature.

M. Le Verrier, unwilling to be outdone, exclaimed: "There is a large part of French society which has no share in universal suffrage. These unrepresented classes are the women and children. For my part I think this unjust."

So the right of woman to representation begins to be admitted. This is a step in advance. It is hardly necessary to say that we do not accept the mode of representation proposed by the petitioners, but we accept the principle involved.

We agree on the first point. "It is but just that women as well as men should be represented in legislative bodies." Later we will discuss the methods.

It is a significant fact that for the first time during the Empire, the question of the Rights of Women to political representation should have been brought before the Senate, and should have been favorably received by that body.

Gossip.

Laura Keene is writing a book on the stage.

Horace Greeley's oldest daughter—Ida—is a writer of much promise.

Carleton announces *Ginger snaps* by Fanny Fern.

Adelaide Phillips is meeting with great success in California.

Eight young women officiated as pall-bearers at the funeral of a young woman in Troy.

A Masonic male and female college is to be erected in Belton, Texas.

A Mrs. Chamberlain delivered the oration at Lakeville, Minn., on the Fourth.

In Berlin, the lady teachers have drawn up a petition to the Minister of Instruction praying for the increased employment of women in all the schools for girls, in both city and country.

The advocates of Woman's Franchise in England are organizing for a new red hot campaign.

Celia Logan Kellogg, a sister of Olive Logan, has just finished writing her first book. It is a romance, and will make a large volume.

George Sand has sued her publishers for the sum of 225,900 francs and has just received a legacy of 500,000 francs.

After a long abstinence from publication, Lady Lytton, the great author's wife, has published a novel entitled *The Household Fairy*.

It is said that the author of *Cometh up as a Mower, and Red as a Rose is She*, is a Miss Broughton.

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for admission to the bar in the United States.

A widow lady in Durham, Me., has worked out her road-tax for this year with a horse and cart.

A colored woman took the first premium for dentistry at the recent State Fair at Houston, Texas.

Miss Alice Cary, whose long and severe illness has been so frequently alluded to in the public journals, is now so much better as to encourage a hope of her ultimate recovery.

Mesdemoiselles Clara and Blanche Gottschalk, sisters of the late eminent musician, will appear in a concert in New York next winter, the one as a vocalist—the other as a pianist.

A London letter says: "Miss Braddon's health is fully restored, but to retain it she is obliged to avoid the high-pressure rate at which she was writing when her illness began."

It is understood that Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is engaged upon a new story which will appear in the *Atlantic* before being published in book form.

Madam Parepa Rosa is thirty-one years of age. She made her first appearance in opera on the island of Malta, as *Amina* in *Somnambula*, when only seventeen years old.

Jenny Lind is said to be so embarrassed in her pecuniary affairs that she thinks of opening a singing school in Paris. Jenny Lind recently sang in the oratorio of Ruth at Dusseldorf.

New Albany, Ind., has a young lady, fifteen years of age, who advertises for a situation to teach three languages, and is willing to assist in doing the housework in the families where she teaches.

A loving wife at Long Branch said—The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut.

Sarcastic husband—Take some of it home with you.

Sea-sonable advice!

Lady visitors at the Capitol complain that Congressmen don't use the spittoons. We should think they would rather complain that Congressmen had such filthy habits as made spittoons necessary.

A Paris paper states that Madam Adelina Patti has signed an engagement with M. Bagier, of the Italians, to perform twenty times next winter, for the sum of 80,000 francs, a benefit of 15,000 francs being also assured to her.

Miss Lucy Forrest, an American young lady, who has been studying medicine at Paris, has successfully passed her examination, and after defending her thesis, has been admitted as a doctor of medicine at the College de France, which gives her the right of practising in any part of the French dominions.

Miss Phelps, whose success began with *Gates Ajar*, is said to be making more money than any American female writer. And yet, during her school-days, she was considered the stupidest of her class. Now she is pouring out literary matter with an astounding rapidity. In one year she has made herself rich.

They have "Maiden Assurance Companies" in Denmark. A father may deposit any sum at the birth of a daughter, and the child receives, during her minority, four per cent. annually; at eighteen, she comes into a higher income, which is increased at stated periods through life.

A certain woman complained to her minister about the trouble her drunken husband caused her, and asked how she should reform him. He advised her to try the effect of kindness, by so doing she would heap coals of fire on his head. She replied that she had tried hot water, but that it didn't do any good. Husbands should take warning and not "keep their wives in hot water."

A modern Solomon says wives who do not try to keep their husbands, will lose them. A man does the courting before marriage, and the wife must do it after marriage, or some other woman will. And is there no danger that some other man may do the courting if the husband does not; or is this a game at which two cannot play?

Oberlin College, though among the foremost to receive women, is decidedly opposed to allowing them the ballot, and its President, Mr. Fairchild, has been publishing a series of articles in the *Chicago Advance* against the impending innovation, which that paper earnestly desires to see issued in book form. All right.

The ship is waited on
Far better by an adverse wind, than none!

A young American lady, Miss Anna B. Starbird, of Portland, Maine, has just made her successful debut in a grand concert at Florence, under the direction of the Philharmonic Society of that city. She has been a pupil of the celebrated maestro Vannuccini for only a little over four months, and has now appeared before the musical public, by whom she was received in the most flattering manner. An audience filling every part of the hall lavished their applause upon the young debutante, and at the close of the concert friends and strangers, both foreign and American, filled the ante-room to offer their congratulations. Miss Starbird had previously sung at several receptions and musical soirees, and is received with the greatest cordiality into the society of the highest musical talent in Florence. She is to continue her studies and fit for the opera, under her present celebrated professor.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

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FALLIBLE WOMAN'S VIEW OF INFALLIBLE MAN.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL inquiry into the causes which have led to the investiture of a vain, weak, mortal creature with the Creator's attribute of infallibility, affords (strange as it may seem) a new and urgent reason for the universal recognition of woman's equality with man.

Let us examine the case:

If the Œcumenical Council, instead of being composed exclusively of men, had been composed exclusively of women; and if, instead of declaring its chief bishop, it had declared its chief abbess, to be infallible;—all the rest of the Romish church would have laughed at the folly and absurdity of the decree. The college of cardinals could never bring itself to assert the infallibility of a supreme shepherdess. But if there is any one truth of God revealed in human nature, it is the natural equality of women with men, and of men with women; in other words, the inherent, coequal dignity of their immortal souls—created to be from everlasting to everlasting each other's peers. If this great fact had been known and believed in Rome, if the men who compose the Œcumenical Council had recognized the religious equality of women with themselves, they never would have committed the impiety of declaring any member of either sex supreme above all members of both. The habit of considering one's self superior to another soon begets a habit of considering one's self superior to all others. The conceit of man that he is superior to woman finds its ecclesiastical culmination in the conceit of a pope that he is God on earth. A recognition by the Romish Church of the divinely-ordained equality of the sexes—that is, the common dignity and frailty of human nature, whether in man or woman—would have saved the Council from the guilt of uttering *ex cathedra* the greatest lie ever spoken by sacerdotal lips.

We will illustrate our meaning. In the Idyls of the King, the Poet Laureate says, with equal truth and beauty:

I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,—
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

The same poet, speaking of King Arthur and of a fit queen to match his kingliness, says:

And could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
The twain together well might change the world.

If it be said that this is romance rather than reality, let us turn from poetry to prose and quote John Stuart Mill's beautiful tribute to his wife, being the dedication of his *Treatise on Liberty*, as follows:

To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer and in part the author of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it

belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.

The above citations show the marvelous influence of woman's mind on man's, when this influence is allowed, as it ought to be, to exert itself in all its beneficial fullness.

Now the Œcumenical Council is not only a parliament of mere men alone, but of men whose minds have been systematically and by solemn oath excluded from this refining, quickening and illumining influence. The spirit of the Council is masculine. There is nothing feminine in it. Indeed, it is a psychological falsehood to call that body Œcumenical. It is only half Œcumenical. No religious convocation can be Œcumenical which excludes woman from its fellowship and deliberations. The chief temple of the Christian religion on earth is the heart of woman. She is by far the more visible part of what is called the visible church. No representative religious body that sits without woman can rightfully represent religion at all. The Œcumenical Council, in excluding women from its membership, thereby excluded woman's contribution to its spiritual wisdom. The result of that exclusion is the greatest recorded folly that ever emanated from the human mind. Indeed the human mind refuses to be charged with the folly of the Œcumenical Council, for no collective body of exclusively masculine brains, however gifted, or learned, or imposing, is fitly representative of the human mind. It takes both man's and woman's mind to make the human mind.

We are quite aware that the Roman Catholic church does not ignore the existence of woman. It even goes so far as to make her a saint. It paints pictures of Theresa and Veronica, and hangs them on cathedral walls to be adored by the faithful. It builds shrines to the Virgin Mary, and hallows her as the Queen of Heaven. But although woman has a place in the Roman Catholic Church, she has no place in its Œcumenical Council. Indeed if she takes a place in any of the organized institutions of the church, as for instance in its convents, she must do so at the price of sacrificing the native love and passion of her heart. Furthermore, however great her sacrifice for the church, she has even then no voice in its government. As a natural consequence, the Roman Catholic Church, embodied in its Œcumenical Council, suffers in itself the reflex injury which it inflicts on woman. Prohibiting its priests to marry, the papacy now finds in this prohibition, a dwarfing of the moral faculties of its theologians. Man's love of woman is itself a religion—inferior only to that one supreme religion which consists in his love to God. This rightfully and needfully interchanged love of the sexes is one of the fundamental sanctities of human nature. It is just as essential to the church as to the family. It ought to exert as great an influence on theology as on sociology. The natural affections play a powerful part in vivifying the human intellect. All great thinkers, or at least all true thinkers, are great and true lovers. The mind of a man, to bear its sweetest fruition of thought, must be grafted upon the heart of a woman. The sexes are

more needful to each other in the soul than in the body.

The Œcumenical Council, consisting of an undeveloped herd of unwived men, are necessarily nothing but narrow-minded because they have not broadened their intellects by adding woman's finer spiritual faculties to their own. As a consequence, their assembled wisdom was able to achieve nothing better than the most monstrous absurdity of modern times. We therefore point to the decree of the Pope's infallibility as furnishing the most stupendous testimony which the philosophy of human history affords in favor of the indissoluble and inviolate equality of woman and man.

THE ANTI-WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

The following petition is now being signed by many ladies in this and other cities:

Should the person receiving this approve of the object in view, his or her aid is respectfully requested to obtain signatures to the annexed petition, which may, after having been signed, be returned to either of the following-named persons:

Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Dahlgren, Mrs. Jacob D. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Henry, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Samson, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Butler, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Rankin, Mrs. B. B. French, Miss Jennie Carroll, Mrs. C. V. Morris, Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, all of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Scott, Huntington, Penn.; Mrs. Senator Corbett, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Luke P. Poland, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Mrs. Samuel J. Randall, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mrs. Catharine E. Beecher, No. 69 West Thirty-eighth street, New York city.

Please attach to this a paper for signatures.

The petition of the undersigned, to the Congress of the United States, protesting against an extension of the suffrage to women:

We, the undersigned, do hereby appeal to your honorable body, and desire respectfully to enter our protest against an extension of suffrage to women; and in the firm belief that our petition represents the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country.

Although we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye, yet we are too deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in these proposed changes in our civil and political rights longer to remain silent.

Because, Holy Scripture inculcates a different, and for us, higher sphere, apart from public life.

Because, as women we find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical organizations.

Because, we hold that an extension of suffrage would be adverse to the interests of the working women of the country, with whom we heartily sympathize.

Because these changes must introduce a fruitful element of discord in the existing marriage relation, which would tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law, affecting the condition of all women, should be framed to meet exceptional discontent.

For these and many more reasons, do we beg of your wisdom that no law extending suffrage to women may be passed, as the passage of such a law would be fraught with danger so grave to the general order of the country.

We are at a loss which most to admire in this singular document, the modesty of the assumption, that the petitioners "represent the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country," or that "shrinking from the notoriety of the public eye" which induces the ladies who have drawn up this manifesto to thrust themselves into the most prominent position which women could possibly assume.

We cannot admit their first statement. Many women in our country have given little thought

to the question of female suffrage, but the majority of those who have arrived at "sober convictions" on the subject, are not opposed to the extension of the franchise.

As to the second count, we admit at once their modest shrinking from public notice, but can only say that these ladies have taken a singular method of showing their desire for the seclusion of private life.

With regard to the third article, as we are unaware what special duties Holy Scriptures inculcate upon Mrs. Gen. Sherman, Mrs. Dahlgren and the other signers included in the generic term "us," we shall not attempt without further information on the subject to dispute that proposition.

In reply to the fourth plea, for exemption from other and heavier burdens, we would suggest to these ladies that it is not proposed by the most radical of the advocates of the Sixteenth Amendment to force every woman to go to the polls. Perhaps they are not aware that even among men it is not obligatory to cast a ballot. With this crumb of comfort let us pass on to the next reason of the petitioners—the injury the ballot would do to the working woman. Why that instrument of political power which, in the hands of laboring men, raises them into such importance that their interests absorb the attention of every legislative body in the land, and which has made their condition so superior to that of the laboring women, should be fatal to the welfare of their toiling sisters, is a sort of logic which we confess we have not the profundity to grasp. Why is there an eight hour law for working men, and no hint of such a thing for working women? The reply that occurs to us is that the working men are a power which it is worth while for legislators to conciliate, and the working women are not. This answer commends itself to our common sense, although opposed to the logic of the aristocratic ladies who so deeply sympathize with the working women.

As to the most alarming statement, that Woman Suffrage would destroy domestic peace, tend to the detriment of children, and increase the prevalence of divorce, we must beg to know if that much boasted glory of our republic, universal male franchise, is the fruitful source of all domestic woes? This is an entirely new discovery. The subject of matrimonial infelicities has been widely discussed, but never until now has this root of the matter been touched upon. Has feminine intuition hit upon the hidden cause of the ills of our society? If the ballot in the hands of woman would increase all this, does it not follow naturally enough that the ballot in the hands of man must have caused the present social disturbances? Is this logic, good ladies? If withholding the franchise from woman will prevent any increase of family discords, wouldn't taking it from men still further tend to promote the household peace?

The last reason given is, that laws should not be "framed to meet exceptional discontent."

With all deference to the ladies of this petition we would suggest that it is hardly worth while to say what laws should not rest upon. It seems a much easier and more comprehensive statement to say that laws should be framed to meet the demands of justice.

It is not for the soothing of discontented men or women that law-makers attempt to frame codes. Justice is invoked for the sake of the best interests of society. And women ask the ballot because it is just that they should in a republican government have a voice in the

laws which they equally with men are bound to obey.

If the "many more reasons" which the anti-suffrage ladies tell us lastly they have to offer, but which they kindly refrain from pressing upon us, are no better than the specimens they have given us, we must confess that we are not convinced that it is our duty to sign their petition ourselves or to endeavor to induce others to do so.

CONNECTICUT ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

AFTER considerable debate the legislators of Connecticut have decided to postpone indefinitely, the consideration of the Married Woman's Property Bill. They were led to this action by various reasons. Mr. Seymour argued that it was an injustice to men to allow their wives to possess their own property. And in fact what candid mind would feel that the money which her father, her brother, or any relative or friend had bequeathed to a woman, or any property which she had herself earned before her marriage ought to be her own. Who would not admit that it ought at once to pass from her keeping into that of her husband. Any person unable to see the force of this argument is unfit to be a member of the Connecticut legislature.

Mr. Latham energetically declared that this bill "was conceived in iniquity." He exclaimed:

Let every man on both sides of the House, man the braces; helm's a-lee; fore sheet; fore tack; fore de boland; jib and staysail-sheets let go and haul; ship's about; now boys, check in the braces; ship's now ranging ahead, into deep water, and there we'll sink this bill where it will never be resurrected.

Is it surprising that this burst of forensic eloquence was received with great cheering by a body of men among whom the objection had been seriously urged that a married woman of property would not be obliged by law to aid in the support of her children. Mr. Doolittle solemnly answered this alarming statement. He said that "many men had been forced to support their children by being committed to the almshouse. No woman had been so forced, for God had planted in the female breast a love for her children, and she will work her hands off to support them."

But the house was resolved. Mr. Doolittle's reply was disregarded, and Mr. Eaton's indignant response to the eloquent Latham had the same fate.

"Man the braces!" said Mr. Eaton, eye to steal your wife's property. Is there a man born of woman that don't acknowledge the justice of the principle of this bill? He had over and over again declared that this bill was not the bill of one woman. The question was started in 1848, and had been up year after year. He hoped that the members would "man the braces" in a manly way, and do justice to the wives and mothers of Connecticut.

But the sad picture of wronged husbands and neglected children touched the soft hearts of the Connecticut legislators, and carried out, on the tide of Mr. Latham's nautical eloquence, they "let go and hauled," "manned the braces," "helm'd a-lee," "fore'd the boland," and sunk the bill.

For the present, at least, the husbands and children of Connecticut are saved from the outrages which rich wives and mothers might have inflicted upon them. The dangerous instrument of inherited property has been wrested from

their hands. The incendiary class of rich women has been abolished.

Connecticut may well rejoice at her sapient legislators. She may well be proud of her eloquent Latham.

CONGRESS AND ITS DOINGS.

CONGRESS has adjourned at last, and what has it done? It has passed many most unpopular bills. It has reimposed the odious Income Tax, it has passed an Army bill which the men who fought in our late war consider most unjust. It has refused to abolish the Franking Privilege. In short, it has shown itself so incompetent to the demands of the times that the energetic apostrophe of the New York Tribune

Gentlemen in Congress! you have done a vast amount of mischief during this session, which it will need all the energy of the party to undo. If you want to leave us a little chance of getting on our feet again, please disagree about the Tax and Tariff bill and go home! finds an echo in the heart of every Republican leader.

From such a Congress it is not surprising that the claims of women should receive no attention.

The Senate Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the subject of female suffrage with a view to legislative action, reported, asking to be relieved from its consideration.

The New York Times says:

The female suffragists will probably console themselves with the reflection that other great reforms have in their day experienced the same neglect.

We accept the offered consolation, and comfort ourselves also with the thought that when a body of men shall be sent to Congress of a different stamp; men, who, unlike the present representatives, shall have sufficient brains to comprehend the wishes of the country; men who shall have enough shrewdness if not enough principle to prevent them from doing all in their power to destroy their own party, women may hope to receive better treatment at their hands.

"It is astonishing," said Count Oxenstiern, with how little wisdom the world is governed."

And assuredly, if this assertion needed any further corroboration, our present Congress has added the weight of its stupidity to give the axiom new force.

AN ENGLISH PEER AND AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.—When the beautiful Countess of Dudley recently laid the corner-stone of a new Infirmary in Kidderminster, her husband, who was called upon to speak for his wife, said:

He scarcely knew why he should be put forward for this purpose, as Lady Dudley could herself have performed that part as well as she had performed the other part of the proceedings. She certainly was not accustomed to address large bodies of people in the country, but she had addressed a meeting, and had addressed it well, and it was only a pity the occasion should not from time to time be repeated. Though he was not one of the strongest advocates for women's rights, pushed to the full extent, yet he thought when some little tramping upon men's rights could be gracefully done, it came with a charm which every one appreciated. The question was how far each party was to go, and where the line of demarcation should be drawn. He advocated that it should go as far as possible, but not to the full extent that they (*homines*) should become weaker vessels.

Pretty well said for the Peer who is sometimes called the "Mad Earl of Dudley," but "if this be madness then there's method in it."

The Professor urged that women should be elected to Parliament, and that Peers should

take their seats in the Upper House and speak and vote there, too; for he insisted they had as much right there as the Lords themselves, or as the Queen upon her throne.

When Peers and Professors take such ground as this the English public generally may soon be expected to follow.

THE SCHOOL-MARM'S FRIEND.

It gives us great pleasure to note the election of Mr. E. J. Whitlock to the presidency of the Board of Education in Brooklyn. Mr. Whitlock is a gentleman of leisure and fortune, who has given a great deal of time, care, and labor to the cause of education in that city, having served for several years as vice-president of the Board. Our special gratification at his elevation to his new position is in view of his highly honorable behavior toward the female teachers of Brooklyn. A few years ago, when the Board was agitated by the question whether or not, one of the first-class Grammar-schools of the city, such as had heretofore been exclusively under the direction of a male principal, could properly be put under the direction of a female, he settled the point by giving a casting vote in favor of the equal rights of men and women. Moreover, when the question of giving to women the same salaries as to men—we mean to women who performed equal services with men—came up a short time afterward, he was equally prompt to espouse the side of justice and generosity. We lately chronicled with much enthusiasm this auspicious victory or woman, in a city in which *THE REVOLUTION* has a branch office, and we now hasten to say what we ought to have emphasized more pointedly at the time, and that is, that to Mr. Whitlock, more than to any other man, the female teachers of Brooklyn owe the recognition of their intellectual, professional, and pecuniary equality with their male co-workers. It is a very sincere commendation which we express of Mr. Whitlock's course in the Board as its vice-president, and we confidently look to him in his new career as its president, for a manly protection to all the rights of the great army of women employed in the schools over which he presides. When Mr. Whitlock first became the champion of woman's just claim for increased wages for school-teaching, it was an unpopular advocacy on his part; and the fact that he was elected over an able and popular opponent thus shows that a supposed devotion to the once-hated cause of woman's rights is no longer a bar to political promotion. This is one of the golden signs of the times.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

We have received the "Annual Catalogue and Announcement of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, 128 Second Avenue," from which we learn that the course of study occupies three years; the first year to be mainly taken up with the elementary branches of Anatomy, Physiology, Materia Medica, and Chemistry; in the second year these four branches will be continued, and full instruction will be given in Medicine, Surgery, and Obstetrics.

In the third year all previous instruction will be continued, and the students will engage in practical medical work, and be required to furnish clinical reports of the cases attended. Hygiene will also be taught.

Students will be required to attend weekly

recitations; and yearly examinations will be held at the close of each winter session, beside a general examination upon the students presenting themselves for graduation.

For the third year, which offers great advantages over the ordinary plan of reading for a year under private instruction, no extra charge is made.

To these students the city of New York has opened her Hospitals and Dispensaries, with their admirable clinical lectures; that of Bellevue alone receives annually ten or twelve thousand patients, and has two daily clinical lectures during the winter. For intelligent students of limited means the expense will be made as light as possible.

The winter session for 1870-71 will open the first Monday in October, and continue twenty-four weeks.

Cassandra in the San Francisco *Pioneer* thus philosophizes: "Two miles of houses in San Francisco are said to be occupied by fallen women! They walk our streets by daylight and gaslight. Where, and who are their seducers? How can woman fall, when there are so many brave men to defend her honor, with their ballots and statute laws? Are there not also twice two miles of fallen men? How can a woman fall unless there are at least two men to fall with her?" We confess we cannot understand our sister's logic. The first woman who fell certainly took but one man with her. Was it because there were no more to take, or has the ratio increased with the widening of woman's sphere, and the enlargement of her powers generally?

We learn that Miss Lillian Edgerton, who lectured last winter on "Woman is Coming," is preparing for next season an address on "Whither are we drifting? or, Marriage and Divorce." She is rigidly conservative on the subject of divorce. There is an old adage that "bachelor's always know how to manage wives" and "old maids always know how to train children," why, then, should not a blushing maiden be able to give the world valuable information on Marriage and Divorce?

TEACHER'S MEETING.—The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the New York State Teacher's Association will be held at Syracuse, on the 26th inst., and we notice that six of the twelve papers to be read on the occasion will be written by women. Miss Emily Price, of Darien, Conn., takes for her subject "Toil and Terrors;" Mrs. Henrietta Heves of Albany, N. Y., "Government;" Mrs. Sarah J. Armstrong, of Oswego, N. Y., writes of language and "Literature;" Miss Ellen J. Merritt, of Potsdam, N. Y., will discourse upon "Our Rural District Schools;" and the subject chosen by Miss Ellen B. Burke, of Fredonia, is not yet announced.

Mrs. M. ADRIEN HAZLETT, of Michigan, will attend the Saratoga and Niagara Falls Conventions. Mrs. Hazlett is the President of the Northwestern Suffrage Association, and Vice-President of the Union Woman Suffrage Society.

A CALL FOR A CONVENTION IN BURLINGTON, IOWA.—We publish the following call, and hope to give full particulars of the meeting next week:

Desiring the advancement of Truth and the

progress of Humanity, and believing full and free discussion to be the best means of arriving at truth, we invite all citizens of Burlington, both men and women, to meet in Mozart Hall, Friday, July 15, at 4 p. m., to consider the question of Woman Suffrage and to form a Woman Suffrage Association.

Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin,	Mrs. J. L. Brown,
Charles Boardley,	Mr. G. W. Edwards,
Mrs. Charles Boardley,	B. Spencer,
Mr. E. A. Van Meter,	Mr. Werner Becklin,
Mrs. E. A. Van Meter,	Mrs. Werner Becklin,
Mr. M. Dunn,	Mr. J. F. Tallant,
Mrs. Mary R. Dunn,	Mr. J. F. Tallant,
Mrs. L. Gay,	Mr. Wm. E. Cook,
Mrs. C. Nealley,	Mrs. Wm. E. Cook,
T. W. Newman,	E. H. Huston,
Mrs. T. W. Newman,	Mrs. Mary Shelton Huston,
Mr. Geo. Bauman,	Mrs. Charles Hendrie,
Wm. Bell,	Mrs. Tillie A. Power,
Mrs. Wm. Bell,	John C. Power,

And many others.

THE SALESWOMEN'S MEETING.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE DRY GOODS CLERKS E. C. ASSOCIATION—ORGANIZATION AT NEXT MEETING.

The room engaged by the Dry Goods Clerks E. C. Association, and which has been so generously offered the saleswomen for their use in holding meetings, was crowded on Thursday evening last by as enthusiastic and devoted a company of women as this city has ever seen collected.

The conduct of the salesmen clerks, in so promptly advancing to the support of the women employed in fancy stores, is worthy of our high commendation. No sooner did the letters of "Netta," the champion of her class, begin to appear in the public journals, than these gallant young men offered her all the aid that they could give, in arousing and organizing the women whose oppressed condition she so well understood. Nor was their action a mere flash of evanescent feeling, but the results of settled and generous convictions.

It appears to us that the course which these gentlemen have pursued ought to receive the cordial praise of all who are interested in the elevation of woman.

It was through their assistance that Netta procured the circulars for distribution among the saleswomen, announcing the meeting of Thursday evening. The "floor-walker" in Macy's store, who snatched the circulars from the hands of the young women under her charge, tore them in pieces and threw them to the distributor, may take her own peculiar view of the matter, but the sensible and true-hearted everywhere will honor the noble girl who has stepped forth so unselfishly in defence of her class, and remember with a new pride in humanity those generous men, who have given every proof of their sympathy with her undertaking.

We are also happy to notice that the grand speech of the evening was made by our friend, Mrs. L. Devereux Blake. It was one of her most successful efforts, and drew forth hearty applause from the earnest and resolute company present. Her reference to the conduct of the two enterprising firms in our city, who have distinguished themselves by adopting the policy of giving dividends on all clear profits to their employees, was excellently given, and evidently with profound effect.

The firms of Brewster & Co., and Cameron & Co., have truly achieved an enviable notoriety in being the first Americans to adopt a plan which has been successfully tried in England.

The dividend policy, it appears to us, is the true solution of the problem between capital and labor, which is every day pressing itself upon public notice with an energy that will not brook neglect.

Another reason for congratulation at the course of the dry-goods clerks is, that we rejoice to see men and women unite in their efforts for the improvement of society. The beautiful motto of your paper has a depth of meaning which will never be fully appreciated until men and women have reached the highest stage of development, but every step on the upward course proves its necessity and truth.

We believe the saleswomen of this city will prove too true women to overlook the importance of co-operating with the gallant men who are so prompt to rally for their deliverance.

SUE L. F. SMITH.

INTERESTING MEETING AT THE UNION SUFFRAGE ROOMS.

The most interesting meeting which has been held since our Convention in May, took place at the new assembly rooms, on the afternoon of July 15th.

Mrs. Wilbour, the president, was in the chair, and read, with touching effect, a letter from Miss Anthony, which had appeared in the morning's *Standard*.

Professor Willcox next addressed the company in a critical review of the anti-suffrage resolutions published in the *Times* of the 14th inst., which were the expression of the ladies in Washington who are making themselves so conspicuous as opponents of this great reform. The Professor dwelt most ~~caustically~~ on the inconsistency of preventing a large body of intelligent women from using a power which they consider an *inherent right*. Is there not as much oppression in such legislation as in an act to disfranchise a large class of the male population?

The Professor gave a very able refutation of several other points in the article, and when he ceased speaking, Mrs. Blake (vice-president) called attention to one paragraph which had been overlooked, the fact that women would be more dissatisfied in the marriage relation with the right of suffrage than without.

The absurdity of this idea was pointedly held up to light by the speaker, whose happy and lovely home is so much enjoyed by all who have of the privilege of her acquaintance. If some of the cavilers at the leaders of the Suffrage movement among us, could only be transported for a few days to the midst of the homes of some whom they so severely criticize, they would need no more logic to answer their insignificant objections.

Dr. Marvin was also present at the meeting, and spoke with earnestness and ability, in defence of all movements which speed the progress of true liberty. Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour conducted the entire proceedings with her usual grace and tact, and showed herself, as she always does, a generous, warm-hearted champion of woman's improvement.

A proposition was offered by Miss Smith that the members should attend a meeting of saleswomen to be held in Plympton Buildings on the eve of the 14th inst.

Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Greeley, and several other members expressed their interest in such a meeting, and their willingness to go.

After passing a resolution for a public meeting on the first Friday in July, of which meet-

ing due notice should be given in the daily journals, all formal proceedings were announced to be concluded, and the usual social circles which always add interest to the closing moments of these reunions, were enjoyed for a half hour or so.

SUE L. F. SMITH.

Letters from Friends.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It has been a source of regret to me ever since I joined the Woman Suffrage party, that so many of the advocates of that measure are advocates also of greater liberty of divorce. The motto at the head of your paper, taken from the marriage service of the Church of England, seems to me to express the views which should be held by every true and Christian woman on this point. I am myself a member of that Church, and hold to its conservative doctrines as the great safeguard of society. There should be no divorce except for that offence which utterly breaks and annuls the marriage vow.

It is amazing to me that the champions of woman, above all others, can take any other view of this question, as were their views carried out and divorce rendered as easy as marriage, the results could not but be to the last degree disastrous to the weaker sex. Men are, and probably always will be, the money-earners of the world, the higher duties of maternity, the sacred care of home, preventing women from competing with them with full chances of their husbands certainly ~~during~~ ^{during} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bearing~~ ^{bearing} period. Suppose, then, that these so-called radical measures could be carried out at once, what would be the inevitable result? All the sacredness of the marriage tie destroyed, the wife a mere companion of the hour, how soon the position of all the women of the land would be but a shade better than that of those unfortunates who are the paid victims of men's caprices. Among the younger men, assuredly, this license would be at once used to repudiate those wives who were no longer pleasing, and we should have in society the miserable spectacle of hundreds of women who had worn out their youth in the bearing of children, and who were turned out in their middle-life to earn their own support by some wretched drudgery, to starve or to die.

So much for the question as affecting women, but a still more sacred duty underlies the marriage obligation, the duty to children. Where would be the home, where the pleasant tie binding together brothers and sisters, when in a few short years half a dozen fathers or mothers might have sway over the young lives, when the children that should be born should have no more than a half-blood relationship to each other, and a temporary association, separated as they might be at any moment by the separation of the parents. Then to which parent should the children belong? If to the mother, she would be burdened with a great task in supporting them; if to the father, how often must the mother-heart be wrung by parting from her offspring. Verily the evils of this unhappy state would fall heaviest on the woman.

I am well aware that those who advocate these measures claim that there would be no more divorces under such laws than there are at

present, but the experiment of ten years' of such license in France during the Republic, the statistics of divorces in our own state of Indiana, prove how prone is humanity to avail itself of any laxity of rule. The day may come when mankind shall be so perfect that all laws can be set aside, but until that time comes let us hedge around with all the barriers possible the sacredness of the marriage tie which is the basis of society.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

New York, July 7, 1870.

A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I take the liberty of addressing myself to you as a cordial advocate and exponent of the idea, that there are many pursuits and avocations now monopolized by men, the duties and profits of which might just as well, and perhaps better, be shared by women, if the path was but opened to them. Now, in the pursuit of our business we employ a considerable number of agents, whose duty it is to present to parties the value of Life Insurance and solicit their applications. Now, our theory is, that women, from the fact that they are more readily listened to, and that their sex are the ones that peculiarly appreciate and feel the value of Life Insurance, from the fact that it is they who are peculiarly benefited, would, if possessed of the same energy and perseverance as men, stand a far better chance even (not only as good) to make successful Life Agents, and as such could command more for a week than they now earn in a month. A good Life Agent can command from \$2,500 upwards, without trouble and pains necessary ~~to take~~ ^{to take} the give them a contract with all the advantages that men possess, put them on the same footing, and then see if they can do as well. In short, we design to open this as a new occupation and field for women's energies and abilities, and we desire to know from you, as a person thoroughly versed on the subject, whether you think the prospects justify us in making the attempt.

I trust you will advise me at your early convenience, and should be pleased to confer with you more fully on the subject.

Yours truly,

WM. W. KELLETT, General Agent.

LITERARY.

Demorest's Magazine for July is received, and, as usual, contains a variety of pleasant family reading aside from its articles on dress and household matters.

Madame Demorest is doing a good work in endeavoring to modify extravagant foreign fashions, and render them more suitable to our republican theories, if not practice. The present number, among other valuable things, has one of Mrs. Croly's very sensible "talks to women," which some men might, we think, read with profit.

If it were true, indeed, as has been asserted, that women were made for men, as men were made for God, then one can only regret, for the sake of everybody, that there should seem to have been such a dreadful mistake all round. Certainly, men fall quite as short of realizing their position toward one, as women toward the other. A woman can do no more than God lets her; and, if God is willing, why should man object?

This interference with the prerogative of the Almighty is one of the most fruitful sources of human suffering.

"Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!"

Arthur's Home Magazine and *Children's Hour* for July are received. The first contains a variety of choice and delightful reading for the home circle, as well as various articles of intrinsic value to the household. The *Children's Hour* we regard as a model Magazine for young children. The illustrations which are well executed and pleasant to the eye, are always made to convey instruction to children in a delightful way; and the stories are just such as they like to read and can profit by. The right man in the right place is F. S. Arthur, as the manager of a Magazine for little folks.

A lady in Kansas is carrying on an extensive blacksmithing and wagon-making business.

Judge Meyer of Illinois, is a come-outer in favor of woman's suffrage.

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